Will Friendship
BUY US BREAD

By Wm. Shires.

Suggested on learning a family was in a state of starvation, The little girl applied for aid to a wealthy lady, and Received the following encouragement

Mother! she spoke of friendship; what did the lady mean?
Of brighter days for us in store, although by us unseen;
She said we'd yet be happy, then turned away her head;
Now mother quickly tell me, will friendship buy us bread?

Will friendship buy us bread, mother? if so when will it come?
For days have past since it was seen within our wretched home.
I care not for myself, mother? but you are pale and weak,
And there my little brother lies; he scarce can move or speak.

She bade us trust in Providence, and said it would provide:
So, mother, cheer thy spirits up, whatever may betide.
Yet see, my little brother droops & death-pale grows his cheek,
He lifts his little hands to heaven, and tries in vain to speak.

He sinks and he is motionless—he falls a lifeless clod;
His blessing rests upon us both—his spirit's gone to God!
This, mother, is the promised aid, the lady said would come;
It takes us from this wretched world, to a bright & happy home.

J. Andrews, Printer, 38 Chatham St., N. Y.

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